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### The Prodigal Son

By Albrecht Dürer  
(1471 - 1528)



# The Holy Cross Magazine

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## The Search For Peace

BY WILLIAM EDWARD HARRIS, O.H.C.

TODAY there is a great deal of unrest and unhappiness on every side—

“men’s hearts failing them for fear and looking after those things which are passing on the earth.” Now our hearts are filled with the thought of the war and the suffering which it brings. We hear the cry for peace on all sides. All kinds of schemes for peace are being brought forward but peace will not come by social or economic changes. What is needful is putting into practice the teachings of our Lord in the daily life of the individual. The clamor for outward peace is so loud that it is apt to drown out of the soul the still small voice of God who is saying to each of us: “Peace be with you, my peace I give unto you, as the world giveth, give I unto you.” Peace is spoken of about 260 times in the Bible and has three meanings which are useful to us: Peace with ourselves in learning how to control our unruly wills. Peace with our neighbor in learning how to live with him and to love him. Peace with God in conforming our wills to His.

The story is told of Dante that he wandered all over Italy seeking peace. At last he came to a monastery and knocked at

the gate which was opened by the porter. Seeing a stranger standing there, the porter asked three times: “What will you have?” Finally Dante spoke one word, “Peace.”

The longing for peace is the desire and cry of every human heart: high or low, rich or poor, sick or well, saint or sinner. St. Augustine said: “Thou, O God, hast made us for thyself and our heart is restless until it finds its rest in thee.” Yet for all that so few are willing to go through the long period of training and discipline in the ways which will lead to peace. The result is that many people are so confused and bewildered with themselves and with the world that they hardly know whether they are going or coming.

Many people seek peace for themselves in drink or drugs or riotous living in order to drown out and forget their troubles. This only induces a state of Nirvana or forgetfulness for a short time and when these people come to the “end of the rope” they are forced to cry out: “Peace, peace, when there is no peace.” Others plan peace for themselves in getting their own way without any consideration for God or man. Not that these souls actively oppose God or

man. No, they just do not think about anyone but themselves. In consequence when these people get what they want through their own self-will it is found out that what was sought has turned into dust and they are just as dissatisfied as ever.

The most prolific and root cause of our lack of peace is in our thoughts. Many times if we would take notice of what we are thinking, we should know that they are thoughts that should never have entered the mind. The trouble is we have a wrong conception of our minds which we must get rid of. We are apt to think of our minds as a passive shore, washed by a tide of relentless ideas forever coming and going with no control whatever. But there is a truer and more hopeful picture of our minds.

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The Resurrection was the historical channel through which God acted when He begat us again.

—Father Lionel Thornton, C.R.

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Let us compare the mind to the immigration department of a great seaport. The immigration officers cannot stop people from coming to the port, but they can and do say who shall enter that port. So it is with our mind—thoughts are constantly coming to our minds and we can and should say what thoughts shall lodge there before they have time to destroy our peace.

Then there is fear which is a powerful enemy of peace and causes most human mis-

ery and unhappiness. Where there is wrong kind of fear there can be no thought of peace in the soul: fear of the atomic bomb, fear of war, fear of our sins, fear of failure, fear of sickness and death—all these are destructive of peace and show a great lack of faith and trust in God.

You recall the occasion when our Lord and His Disciples went fishing on the lake and a great storm came up, the wind howling, the waves dashing over the boat, and Jesus, tired out with labor, asleep in the boat. The Disciples began to be afraid of the safety of their lives and wake Him in haste and terror crying out: "Master, look at the storm, don't you care whether we drown or not?" Our Lord calmly said: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and He stretched out His hand and said to the sea: "Peace, be still" and there was great calm. When we are afraid, seem to be utterly alone, forsaken and there seems no way out of the difficulty, Jesus is saying to each of us: "Peace, be still, have faith, just trust Me a little and things will come out all right."

Suppose we were on a ship during a fierce storm and the captain who had seen many such storms came along smiling and said: "Don't worry, we are all right," our fears would subside. So it is when our Lord who is the Captain of our life says to us when we are troubled: "Peace be still."

On the night of our Lord's Resurrection He appeared to the Disciples as they were huddled together in the Upper Room, their hearts full of fear from the things which had happened, and said: "Peace be with you; as my Father hath sent Me, even so I send you." His message of Peace was intended for everyone. Jesus wants us to have peace and not to keep it to ourselves but to go and carry peace to our neighbors.

It's impossible to have true peace with ourselves without having peace with our neighbors and peace with God. The three are interrelated—one cannot exist without the other two. If we have no peace within our own hearts it is impossible to try to bring peace to others.

To be at peace with neighbors or the world with whom we have to live, does not mean





ply being able to live together and have no friction or misunderstanding; to have no interest in other people or to feel that we have to tolerate them and accept them as a Cross. No, that would be a very dead, negative kind of peace, would neither do us nor our neighbors any good, and certainly would not be acceptable to God. Every human being wants to be sought of, to be loved and made to feel that there is a place where he is wanted in the home, in the school, in times of recreation, in the Church or in business.

A positive and fruitful peace for ourselves and for our neighbors would be that which is found in our Duty Towards my Neighbor, pages 579-80 in the Book of Common Prayer. This is a big order, but it is a sure way to have peace with our neighbors.

In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord said: "Blessed are the Peace Makers." We may paraphrase it into *Peace Doers*. Our Lord did not mean for us to remain passive about this virtue, but to do something to bring about peace and to prevent occasions which would destroy peace.

For instance we do not wait for a fire to come up so that we can put it out. No, we prepare for it by seeking ways to prevent it. So it is with peace. We are not to wait until there is an "explosion," but we are to be ever on the alert for ways and means which will preserve peace.

adoration is the most selfless emotion of which our nature is capable and therefore the remedy for the self-centeredness which is our original sin and the source of actual

—Archbishop William Temple

The psalmist commands us to "seek peace and ensue it" which means to go after it. The Syrian version emphasizes the command and bids us RUN after peace. An ancient writer comments on this thought: "saith not, if peace follow thee receive it; but even if it flees from thee, follow it." A good example is if (which is possible for thou or a man) thou shouldst have quarreled with anyone, if he first invites thee to peace, peace follows thee: with joy receive



it. But if he being evil, persevere in evil, then peace is hidden from thine eyes; but do thou as a son of peace, *knock* at the door of peace—and this is to *seek* peace; say not, he was the *first* to do the wrong and ought to be the first to make apology. Thou art more glorious if, though injured ensuest peace, than if thou endeavourest after vengeance. Seek peace that thou mayest find the reward of peace." It is a waste of time to be on the "outs" with anyone. It is stupid, after a while you forget the cause and yet in that time you lose a friend. Also we miss so much and life is too short to be unfriendly with anyone. We all need each other but more than anything else we need God. "Where God dwells there is peace. When God dwells with man he has peace. God says: 'I dwell in a humble and contrite heart.' Therefore it is through humility that peace is found. This is radically different from the peace formula which is current in the world today. Its code is be aggressive, self-assertive, sweep all disturbing and opposing elements out of the way; then peace is established. This has been proclaimed long before our era but it has never worked, and never will. This is simply putting self forward to hide some inner unsolved conflicts. The humble man is not one who tries to put himself above everybody else. He knows it is not necessary because he knows God dwells within his heart and therefore he has found peace. The humble man's outer world is overcome and ordered by this spiritual and truly religious principle which our Lord commanded us to adopt: 'Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in

heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

The Prophet Isaiah declared that "there is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." Our Lord who is the greatest psychologist who ever lived, knew this and one of the last charges He gave to His Disciples was to bestow on them the power to be His agents to forgive sin, which is a great destroyer of peace and keeps men from God. Jesus knew that repentance and forgiveness of sin would restore sinners once again to God and bring peace to the soul, so He provided the Sacrament of Penance—that we might get right with God.

One night during the World War I the monastery doorbell rang. When the porter opened the door a Captain of the armed forces from a camp near Kingston stood on the steps. He said he wanted to make his confession as he had had orders to go into active service and wanted to make his peace with God before he went. The Captain came in, made his confession and left the next morning. We never heard whether he was killed or not. But he was ready for anything, because he had made his peace with God. We should frequently ask ourself,

"Am I right with God?"

There may be what the world calls success and prosperity without peace. But we want that kind of peace? Peace is an inward state and condition. One can be peace in a world of confusion, on a sick bed of pain, in prison, in poverty or adversity if only he has Isaiah's counsel within his heart: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

It should be a wonderful thought of encouragement to us to know that some scholars have concluded that our great liturgical blessing which is said at Holy Communion—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding," was written while St. Paul was in prison. How do you think St. Paul could write about peace while bound with iron chains? It is because his soul had attained such union with our Lord that time and sense no longer bothered him. He now saw all things from a supernatural point of view. So it is with us, the more we bring ourselves into union with Jesus the more peace we shall have for ourself and the more peace we shall have to give our neighbor.



A GENTLEMAN IN ADORATION BEFORE THE MADONNA  
By Giovanni Moroni

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)  
(Kress collection)



# Why The Cloistered Life?

BY SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, O.H.C.

WHEN we speak of the Monastic Life, it is necessary for us to remember that it is only one out of many forms of consecration to God and to His service in the Church. It has for many centuries been spoken of as the Life of Perfection, but we all fall into grievous error unless we keep in mind that all Christians are equally called to attain to a life of perfection. In speaking of the force and sanctity of Religious vows, we must remember that no vow taken anywhere, whatever its nature, can compare in authority and in force of obligation with the vows every Christian takes at his baptism. The Religious Life is therefore a vocation within a vocation. The Religious professes vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The exercise of poverty eliminates the almost inevitable and disabling anxiety in which those who have to administer money and other worldly goods are liable to become involved. Chastity removes the possibility of being bound by family ties which, good as they are, take from the soul the untrammelled freedom of service which the Religious is called upon to give. And the vow of obedience affords daily opportunity, beyond the ordinary, to mortify that self-will which is the root of every sin which has ever been committed in the world.

But as the Religious Life is a vocation within the vocation which is common to all, so within the limits of the Religious Life there are three forms of life to which we may be called. The Contemplative Life is that which is devoted essentially to prayer and to the contemplation of divine things. Whatever else may enter into such a life is contributory, and exists only to secure the conditions best suited for the continual work of prayer.

The Active Life is that form of the Religious Life the primary object of which is to pursue external works of mercy and charity. The third is the Mixed Life, which as the name implies, embraces both the Active and the Contemplative.

The Active and the Mixed Life are common in the Church throughout the Anglican world, but as Father Huntington used to say, only the work of contemplation can impart force and spirit to our activities. The Contemplative Life is given comparatively little consideration amongst us, and yet perhaps the Church and the world never needed prayer more than in our time—and perhaps there was never a time when men prayed less. One recalls Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of the great diocese of Winchester, and one of the greatest saints the Anglican Church has ever produced, who was an important court functionary with a heavy and incessant burden of duties upon him. He declared, we are told, that he felt he could not carry the burdens of his day at all unless he had at least five hours of uninterrupted prayer. Who is there of us who echoes this complaint today?

If we do not think seriously of the Contemplative Life, is it that we do not realize fully the nature of the Body of Christ of which we are members? We find in the Body the principle of specialization. St. Paul sets this forth in the twelfth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. There he describes the work of the members of Christ's mystical Body, the Church, in an analogy, showing that the separate functions of the eye, the ear, the hand and the foot, the more comely parts and the parts less honourable, are specialized each in its own work and office, all necessary to each other, and all bound together in one Body, and sharing the one divine life of its Head.

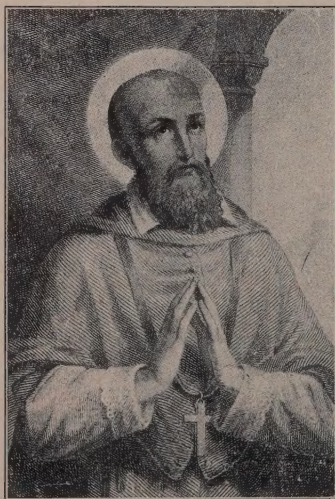
In every organism, such as the Church, there is, and must be, a division of labour. Some are to work, and some are to pray. Some to be Marys and some Marthas. Some to be active in the world, and some to be as St. Anna of old, who "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." She was the first cloistered Religious.

The Church needs today cloistered com-

munities, men and women who believe in prayer, and will spend their days and nights exemplifying that belief. Like the world about us, the Church today is a maelstrom of social and administrative activity, all of which is good if it is not permitted to eclipse the one factor which can give life and spirit to this work. Many are willing to work, but are there many who cultivate that intenser and essentially necessary form of activity which St. Paul had in mind when he enjoined the Thessalonians to "pray without ceasing"; which our Lord commanded when He said that "men ought always to pray and not to faint"?

The crux of the whole business lies in the question of a devout nonconformist minister whom a friend of mine met in an English railway train last year. In the course of conversation, the minister kept repeating, "If we believe prayer to be a great power, why do we not pray more?"

The testimony of the modern mind, of the whole modern world, is that in order to do a thing at its best, it should be done in a specialized way. The human race has profited enormously by specialized work in science, in education, in industry, and in every other department of human activity.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES  
A Great Contemplative

Can it not profit by specialization in prayer?

In France there are some eighty houses of cloistered nuns who have divided between themselves the various missions of the French Church in pagan lands, and day by day a large part of their intercession is devoted to praying down from heaven the power and wisdom of God into the hearts of both missionaries and converts. Those who know the vast world-wide missionary work that the French Church is doing, will have no difficulty in divining whence its motive power comes. It is the product of the unceasing intercession of these hundreds of souls whose prayers for the conversion of the heathen cease not day nor night.

There has never been in the whole history of the Catholic Church a period, or country, in which God has not called men and women to devote themselves completely to a life of prayer. At His call they have left all else for this steadfast work of prayer and homage to God, and of intercession for their brethren who are in the world.

Can it be that it is the will of God that this American continent, with its vast millions of souls, be made an exception to so few calls should come to us? Is it that He does not want from us the continual service of praise, adoration, and prayer, which He has required of every other people in every other age of the world? Or, does the fall lie with us, that we have been so busy with the clamours of life about us that we have not hearkened to His voice?

The history of the kingdom of heaven on earth has always showed that wherever men and women have offered themselves to God for the work of prayer, He has abundantly blessed their sacrifice. In the Mother Church of England there are near a score of houses of cloistered Religious where the perpetual incense of prayer, praise, and adoration rises to heaven continually. I am told that with but one or two exceptions, there are communities in England which are blessed with such increase as these. God has made a gracious response to the loving offering of these consecrated souls, and has called many more who are like-hearted to help them in this work for the kingdom.

To mention two instances: During

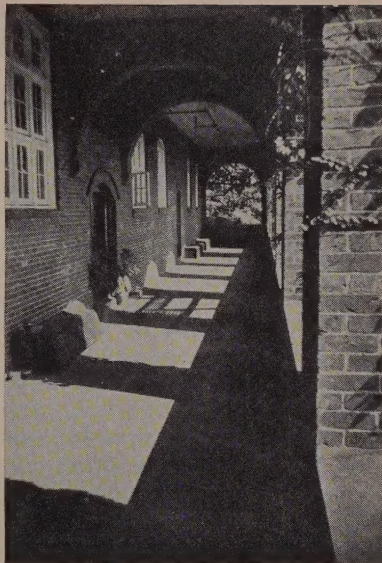


ten years the contemplative Society of the Love of God, founded a generation ago by the saintly Father Hollings of Cowley, required three houses in order to take care of its increase, and the enclosed communities for women which observe the Benedictine Rule, such as those at The House of Prayer, Burnham, and at West Malling, have had like blessings from God. Some years ago when I visited the community at West Malling, I learned that they had so many novices that they had to house them temporarily in booths in the quadrangle, until a new dormitory could be built, as there was not room enough for them in the already quite spacious convent. Such is God's blessing upon the work of prayer in other lands. Will He send a like blessing upon us if we offer ourselves to Him?

There is no hour in the twenty-four when the merits of Christ are not being pleaded throughout the world in such houses for the conversion of sinners, for the needs of the church, for the perils of the nations, and the necessities of the poor. They are strictly ended. No disturbing element enters there to draw these handmaids of God from their spiritual wrestling as they draw down power and blessing from heaven upon this distressed world.

Do we really believe that our hurried and incessant activities are of greater value than prayer? To recur to the question of our conformist friend, "If we believe prayer to be a great power, why do we not pray more?" And if we believe in its power, is it to be counted a strange thing that those whom God has given such a vocation be gathered together that they might specialise in this divine work of continual adoration and reparation to Him for the disservices done to Him by the sin of man, and to pray down His power upon the church and the world, upon the souls of men everywhere?

The Church has no lack of activity today. What is needed is men and women who will bind themselves together in monasteries and convents for the continual work of reparation and intercession, like Moses whose ceaseless prayer on the mount brought victory to his brethren who fought in the val-



HOLY CROSS The Great Cloister

ley against God's enemies. Moses struck no blow in the battle, but it was his prayer that made the victory possible.

Surely, there must be some in our land whom God is calling to consecrate the fullness of their life and spiritual energy thus wholly to a work of prayer, of intercession, of reparation and thanksgiving, undistracted by the pressure of external things, good and holy as these things may be for those who are called to them. Even if there should be but two or three who could be gathered together in His Name for this divine work, God might use it for great achievements in His kingdom.

Shall it be said of us as of Israel of old,— "He saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor"? In every age, in every land, the Holy Spirit has set his seal upon souls for the honour and joy, the glory and the thrill, of this work for God.

It is not in the market-place that this work can be done. It is not in the rush of the big and busy parish. "I will allure her," saith the Holy Spirit, "and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her."

If there has been little response, is it because we have closed our ears to His loving call?



# The Faith of a Catholic

BY EDWARD N. PERKINS

WHEN the Anglo-Catholic leaves his place to go to the communion rail, he bends his knee to the ground, and again he bends his knee before kneeling down at the rail. This is because he believes that the Lord is mystically present and that the Lord's Being is in each particle of the consecrated bread and each drop of the consecrated wine. This the Church Catholic has taught throughout the centuries wherever she has taught at all. It is this which is called the Real Presence. It is the nature of a sacrament that by means of a material thing God comes to man. The bread and the wine are changed. They become the Body and Blood of Christ.

The great obstacle to faith in this mystery has been the sensual perception that the bread and wine remain as before consecration. The sceptic says that obviously there is no change. But consider one of the most familiar and yet mysterious of all things, a seed. A dried bean is a mere pellet. The chemist can measure, weigh, and name every element in it, as he can in the case of the human body. Yet in that bean, over and above physical ingredients, is a mysterious power which can not be detected by sensual perception or in any laboratory. Plant that pellet in the Spring, and it changes and grows into a living vine. Perhaps a way could be found to construct the chemical ingredients which go to constitute a dried bean, into a perfect simulation of one. Still it would be but a synthetic pellet, and not a bean. But if God in His providence should infuse into that pellet the mysterious power called life, it would be *changed*. It would be other than what it was, a thing of a different order. Instead of being a synthetic pellet, it would have become a dried bean which, on being planted, would develop into a growing vine. Yet the change could not be detected by sensual perception or in any laboratory. This is not put forward as an analogy. It proves that absence of perceptible change is irrelevant to the truth of the doc-

trine of Real Presence. The change of consecrated Elements is not of the order of material changes. The correct understanding of the Roman Catholic term "Transubstantiation" does not conflict with this. The Anglo-Catholic, believing the Catholic teaching of Real Presence, which is the teaching of the Anglican Church, approaches the Presence in reverence and awe. Where the Sacrament is reserved, he bends the knee in reverence, not of a material object, but that divine Presence.

In every Eucharist the sacramental Body and Blood are present. Every Eucharist is a memorial sacrifice, representing to the Father the one eternal Sacrifice of Christ, His sacrificial life and His sacrificial death on Calvary, whereby Jesus, true man and mankind's representative, makes atonement.

To offer sacrifice is a function peculiar to priesthood. A bishop can do it, because every bishop is a priest. The Anglo-Catholic prefers to call a priest a priest rather than by some less specific name such as "minister" or even "clergyman." A deacon is a clergyman. Not only a deacon, but a lay reader or an acolyte is a minister. In the celebration of matrimony the bride and groom are the ministers. The Anglo-Catholic is conscious that the name "minister" is being fathered on Episcopalians priests through constant so-called intercourse of Episcopalians with Presbyterians and others who deny priesthood and deny the change of the elements in the Eucharist and deprecate the thought of Eucharistic Sacrifice in perpetual memory of the Atoning Sacrifice of Jesus.

If any instructed and orthodox Episcopalian who calls himself "low church" ever reads as far as this, he will have been asking what the writer means by trying to maintain that Anglo-Catholics differ little from himself. If he has not been taught that Anglo-Catholics are a sinister group trying to deliver the Episcopal Church over to the Bishop of Rome, which is a familiar falsehood, he probably has been taught t



Anglo-Catholics are a queer lot who care very much for genuflections and incense and gaudy vestments and fish on Friday and all sorts of confusing elaborations of ceremonial. This latter accusation requires some notice.

With respect to fish on Fridays, that is the point which is said above, that Anglo-Catholics obey the Church. The first pages of the Prayer Book, numbered with the Roman numerals, contain various matters, including a Table of Fasts. This names the days of fasting and abstinence which, it is there stated, the Church *requires* observance of. These days are Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, the Ember Days which occur four times yearly, and every Friday in the year except any falling on Christmas, or the Epiphany or between the two. Hence no flesh meat on Fridays. Fasting is a good and useful tried self-discipline. A more literal compliance with the *requirement* than a Friday fast of fish is, would be, for every Friday, a breakfast of toast and coffee, a light lunch of one dish only, and nothing more until the evening meal, as is done on each of the forty days of Lent. Abstinence from meat on Fridays is a minimum act of obedience.

Just as athletes win crowns by their struggles in the arena, so are Christians brought to perfection by the trial of their temptations. Only we learn to accept what is sent us by the Lord with becoming patience, with all thanksgiving.

—*St. Basil the Great*

Another fact touching fasting and abstinence on the days named is that it is the ancient and general way of the Catholic Church. The Anglo-Catholic wishes to do the way of the Church, because he is conscious of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church and of his membership in it and of his place in it of the Anglican Communion including the Episcopal Church. And this is the relevancy to the matter of ceremonial.

Slanderers accuse Anglo-Catholics of "bizarre" ceremonial practices. This is a mistake. Insofar as the ceremonial practices of Anglo-Catholics differ from those of Anglicans generally, they differ in the direction of conformity to Catholic practice, which

is to say, practice generally followed from ancient times in the great body of Christian churches. "Bizarre" means strange and fantastic, far from the norm. But the ancient and general ceremonial practices of the Catholic Church must be the norm. It is the "low" churchman whose practices diverge from the norm.

The Anglo-Catholic consciously seeks the ways of the Church. A member of a family who, in the family life, insists on his individual ways at odds with the family ways, is a discordant element in the family, or so the Anglo-Catholic thinks. The use of the Eucharistic vestments is the universal and ancient and continuous practice of the Church. The ceremonial use of incense for certain purposes is both general and very ancient practice. And so it is with all of the so-called "bizarre" practices of Anglo-Catholics. They are those which were driven out of the Anglican Church, or nearly so, by the violence and animosity of Puritans. Anglo-Catholics are very conscious that the Anglican Church is a veritable part of the Catholic Church. They wish to do the way of the Church.

Similarly, the rule and precept of the Catholic Church requiring of all the people attendance on every Sunday at a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, is and always has been the way of the Church. The low churchmen lost it, and to an extent substituted the office provided for "Daily Morning Prayer," through Eighteenth Century apathy and sloth and the influence of Protestant neighbors and kindred. Anglo-Catholics seek to restore this ancient and, as they believe, essentially necessary precept and principle.



There is no doubt in the Anglo-Catholic's mind of the necessity and duty of unflinching Sunday attendance at a celebration of the Eucharist. Not only is that the way of the Church and the command of the Church, but the Church's reason for this precept seems evident. In the action of the Eucharist is worked out the faith of the Church, and so in the individual worshippers their common faith is nourished and kept fresh. The faith of the Church is that to sinful man, self-estranged from his Father in Heaven and unable of himself to help himself, came the Divine Christ enfleshed and made very man in order to reveal to man the nature and will towards him of God and, being man, in order to atone by His sacrificial life and death for man's sinful estrangement from God, and to found His Church and implement her with His sacraments for man's continued and continuous salvation. At His last religious meal with His disciples on the eve of His completion on the Cross at Calvary of His sacrificial life and ministry, He did those acts which led directly to the establishment for all time of the great act of Christian worship which came to be called the Eucharist. In distributing the broken bread, He told them it was His body given for them, and in giving the cup of blessing He told them it was the New Testament (covenant) in His blood. The next day He died on the Cross to rise from death on the third day. In the Eucharist are commemorated and mystically brought into action anew that sacrificial life of revelation and atonement, the two significant acts of that last supper, the atoning sacrifice of the

death on the Cross. The sacrifice is commemorated and re-presented to the Father and the sacramental Body and Blood are distributed to the faithful. Through this nourishment of the spirit is assured continuous oneness of His followers in Him, members of Christ and members one of another in the mystical Body.

To the Anglo-Catholic, to substitute on Sunday mornings the office of Daily Morning Prayer for the Eucharist, is to trifle with worship and with duty, an abuse leading directly to the cambric-tea religion and ethical culture so common in Episcopal parishes.

To the Anglo-Catholic Holy Communion is the means to salvation because it is the means to full incorporation in Holy Church and salvation is in the Church. The statement that outside of the Church is no salvation has been regarded with contempt by those whose idea it is that salvation is escape from hell fire. The meaning is supposed to be, that damnation is the lot of all outside the Church. But that is not the meaning. From the very beginning salvation of individual souls has been the work of the Church. In the beginning, as now, the Church found herself in the midst of a world full of the filth and cruelty of abundant sin and largely populated by the spiritually ill. In the beginning, as now, it was the work of the Church to lead individuals out of the cruelty and bestiality and greed and obscenity of the world, and to give them through conversion the benign gift of abundant spiritual health with release from those physical ailments which, as we know well in our present world of sin and neuroses, so often accompany spiritual illness. This is the meaning of salvation. Of course a final result of sustaining conversion is permanent salvation, which involves escape from hell. But the Church claims to save is the claim that in the Church the convert gains that health of spirit which evil and sin destroy. The Anglo-Catholic believes that salvation is found in the Church, escape from pride and lust and all the superfluity of evil, and with it abundant spiritual health.

The Anglo-Catholic knows of no reason to believe that all outside the Church

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### THE WHISTLING KIRK

Saint Andrew's-by-the-Green, Glasgow, was the first Episcopal Church in post-Reformation Scotland. It was built by Anglicans of all social conditions who met in March, 1750, and resolved to have a chapel in the city. The mason was excommunicated for "the sin and scandal of building an episcopal chapel." This was the first Church in post-Reformation Scotland to have an organ for use at service time, and so it was dubbed "The Whistling Kirk."

—*Church Times*



destined to hell. He thinks that such a notion is not unlike the doctrine of John Calvin. But he does not hold with those sentimental ones who assure themselves that a sacrifice of love will never cast out as lost even the rottenest of mortals, wherefore all who are cast out are destined for Heaven at last. But the Anglo-Catholic asks himself, can a sinner do with a block of stone through the midst of which he detects a destructive flaw, except cast it out? In the valley of Jericho, far below the lofty site of old Jerusalem, was the dumping-ground of the refuse of the Jews, and at night could be seen the lurid glow of the fires kept burning to destroy the cast-out matter. The Day of Judgment may be thought of as the day of rejection and appraisal. One well may tremble lest the inspector detect fatal flaws in his life, and he be rejected and cast out. Who can be sure of his own fitness? And who can think that even God can use the useless? The refuse of the world must be cast out. And so the Anglo-Catholic believes in hell, though he does not insist on fire or brimstone and sulphur fumes.

The Catholic religion is not sentimental. The Anglo-Catholic believes a religion of sacrifice. He comes to the altar with the offering as a member of the Body to offer himself to God with the rest of the Body. He does not think of coming there except as a member of the Body, or of coming to receive and not to give. There must be self-surrender to God, and surrender to God is sacrifice.

The Christian sacrifice is the re-presentation to the Father, in the consecrated elements, of the atoning sacrificial life and death of our Lord. But that is not all. It is also the offering, through the self-surrender of the members, of the mystical Body of Christ which the members are and, by their partaking of the sacramental Body and Blood, become and remain. For the Anglo-Catholic there is no salvation without sacrifice. The Anglo-Catholic's religion is one of corporate worship and action, and of sacrifice, not sentiment.

The Anglo-Catholic repels the notion that his essential distinction is either ceremonial and pageantry, or an urge to submit to the extravagant claims of the Roman bishopric. But the Anglo-Catholic suffers while the Catholic Church is sundered, and he can not see how the wounds can be healed while Rome is disregarded, or how the submergence of the Anglican Church in pan-protestantism could do other than obstruct the hoped-for reconstitution of Christendom. Because he suffers while the Church is sundered, he longs for the closing of those breaches which result from the schisms of the Eleventh Century and of the Protestant Reformation. What distinguishes the Anglo-Catholic, actively aware that he is a Catholic in a Catholic body, is conscious and urgent devotion to the Catholic faith and way of life which are the Christian religion. His longing is to the diffusion of that urgent devotion throughout the Anglican body.



# The White Harvest — Dallas, Texas

BY LOUIS HASELMAYER

OUR Lord's command to preach the Gospel to all men everywhere was the impelling force which spread Christianity throughout the Roman empire within a hundred years of His death and resurrection. In modern days, this injunction is regarded by many as an abstract dictum with no personal bearing upon the lives of most individuals. Missionary expansion of the Church is thought to be the work of a few individuals who for curious reasons want to go to foreign lands. The only actual relationship that it had to the average communicant is the money placed in the red side of the Sunday duplex envelope. Church expansion at home seems to mean in most instances the presentation of a confirmation class at the annual visitation of the bishop.

Yet it is obvious to anyone who travels about the United States that Christianity is not the most vital force in the country. It is even more obvious that the contribution of the Episcopal Church to the spiritual culture of the country is a hidden treasure. One is able to count on the fingers of both hands the Episcopal Churches to be encountered on an automobile trip from New York City to Chicago. Even if one were to make the trip with a church annual in hand to enable one to discover the parishes hidden away on side streets, one would not need much more than a second grade level of numbers to perform the counting. It is an old, a very banal, and a worn-out cliché that the Episcopal Church is an urban institution. So banal is this cliché that it has lulled many into a coma of inactivity about changing this state of affairs. But the state of affairs does not have to remain this way, and the example of what has been done from 1945-1950 in one Diocese, that of Dallas, Texas, can serve to stimulate the activity of others.

Texas was made a diocese in 1849, three years after the admission of the state to the Union. Very early in his travels, Bishop Gregg, the first bishop, predicted the growth

of the northern portion of the state and said that it would one day be a separate diocese. Accordingly, the northern portion of the state was constituted as a Missionary District in 1874 and became the Diocese of Dallas in 1895. Three bishops have occupied the see: Alexander Charles Garrett (1895-1924); Harry Tunis Moore (1924-1946) and Charles Avery Mason (1946- ). The Church grew slowly in Dallas as the state grew, but the Episcopal Church was unable to match the tremendous gains made by various Protestant denominations. In part, the requirements for an educated ministry of the Episcopal Church left it seriously handicapped when compared with the great man-power resources of certain Protestant bodies. With World War II, the Diocese of Dallas found itself in the center of one of the most rapidly growing sections of the country. Industries by the thousands were moving into the Dallas-Fort Worth area; financial and business companies quadrupled over night; populations leapt tens of thousands; magnificent residential areas covered former prairie fields; sizeable towns sprang up at country cross roads. The thirty-seven miles from Fort Worth to Dallas was now traversed by two major highways in the south and north of the city, and flourishing towns almost linked the cities into a single metropolis. What had been a quiet ride through the country, now became a traffic problem of divided four-lane highways and stop lights. Small colleges grew into large universities. Wood school houses were transformed into well-equipped stone buildings. Skyscrapers dominated the landscape around Dallas and Fort Worth. A new business, industrial, and financial center of the nation was born.

The Diocese of Dallas in 1945 had 29 members of the clergy, 46 parishes and missions and 8,741 communicants in an area of 3,000 square miles. The city of Dallas had four parishes and three missions. The city of Fort Worth had three parishes and no missions.



s. Hundreds of towns had no Episcopal church and no priestly ministrations. The vision of the new bishop was missionary expansion and to this primary purpose every effort was devoted. He saw that the time was ripe that the fields were ripe for the harvest. The number of parishes and missions, especially the handful of priests could not possibly expand the work of their own parishes, and still carry the Church into new towns and towns. But the vision was seen by others, and every year since 1946 has seen the steady increase of vigorous young priests coming into the diocese, taking on small parishioner works, going into towns where there was no parish, and establishing the Church. In the same years have brought a great influx of young men of the diocese to a vocation into the priesthood and diocesan ordination have swelled the group. There are many jokes among the clergy about this expansion. Stories are told of priests arriving in the diocese, being shown an empty lot, being handed a list of three communicants and being told "Here is your parish." humorous remarks are made in the halls of the diocesan offices that the authorities should be told that two Episcopalians were married on a farm outside of town, lest a new parish be started the next day. But at this clerical joking merely emphasized in a light and frivolous way the tremendous reality of the Church taking advantage of every opportunity presented to it. One priest says that one could detail with names and figures the self-sacrifice of young priests in their tasks at minimum and, in some instances, submarginal salaries. But their labors are revealed by the bare statistics of growth and accomplishment.

In 1945 there were 29 of the clergy in the diocese. To-day there are sixty priests, a diocesan and a suffragan bishop, as well as a retired bishop able to help with confirmation. Sixty priests have now increased the number of parishes and missions of 1945 into 29 parishes and 38 missions. The city of Dallas has grown from 4 parishes and 3 missions in 1945 to 9 parishes and 7 missions. The city of Fort Worth has grown from 3 parishes in 1945 to 5 parishes and 2 missions. The growth has included also the expansion



of the older parishes along with the establishment of the new. But these figures alone do not reveal the whole picture. For both Dallas and Fort Worth have developed suburbs, and the intervening towns have become small cities overnight. In every one of these growing communities, such as Irving, Grand Prairie, Garland, Pleasant Grove, Arlington, missions have been founded which are rapidly approaching parish status. Services have been held in theatres, recreation halls, funeral parlors, public libraries, and private homes. Then before one could grasp the bizarre character of this scene, churches and parish houses have been built and priests were in residence. One group in Dallas became a parish without ever being admitted to convention as a mission, and has a vigorous parish life without church building, parish house, or rectory. One hesitates to give statistics on parishes, missions, or clergy for the numbers never remain stationary for more than several weeks at a time.

Beyond the cities of Dallas and Fort Worth, the growth has not been as spectacular. But old missions have been re-opened, and in every small city or town where there seemed the slightest possibility of work, missions have been opened, priests have been assigned, and the slower and infinitely more tedious work of converting the rural areas has begun. It is here that the greatest sacrifice has been demanded of priests in the way of long hours, heavy driving, many services, slow conversions, and small salaries. Yet the Church has established itself for the future. Over this entire period, the

*(Continued on page 119)*



# The Way Of Brother Philemon

BY IVY BOLTON

**B**ROTHER Philemon was digging. Not with his usual contentment, for his brown face was screwed up with care and perplexity. Around him was everything that he loved the best, for it was the evening hour and he was free to work with the flowers he loved. That garden of Brother Philemon was the joy of everyone in the Abbey of Winston Saint Mary. It was a sheltered spot where the earliest flowers bloomed. Shrines and altars were sweet with the tribute of the old lay-brother from early spring until the winter winds grew chill.

Brother Philemon's day was always strenuous. During those hours, he must toil over the crops and vegetables, but every evening found him here, weeding and watering, turning the soil with loving hands about his treasures. He had made the place a part of his prayer; the lilies belonged to our Lady; the violets to Saint Bartholomew, humblest of saints, the tall Canterbury bells were Saint John's. Marigolds and phlox, primrose and heliotrope all spoke to him of the blessed ones to whom he whispered a prayer for remembrance as he loosened the clods.

He was working now over the rose bush in the centre, the rosebush which had never bloomed to his great disappointment; for he had planted it in honor of our Lord himself. He bent over it now. It was strong and sturdy, its leaves were glossy—what? was there really a bud at last? It was indeed. Would it shrivel up and drop as some others had done. For a few moments, his eyes lighted, and then his face grew troubled again. Young Brother Maurus had said that absorption in plants and flowers was a sin, Brother Maurus, the most spiritual of the

newly professed who found time to think of the spiritual life of the old lay-brother like himself who was so ignorant and poor.

Brother Maurus had been shocked to find how little they knew of the ways of prayer. No dark night of the soul; entrance into the cloud of unknowing; visions and ecstasies, what a deplorable state of affairs!

Brother Maurus had sought for the signs and temptations which must be barring progress and having found them, dealt faithfully with the old men. Brother Zachary was absorbed in pots and pans; Brother Philemon in vegetables and flower pots.

Brother Philemon was thinking of his wasted life now. Eternity was rushing at him and here he was so ignorant and stupid that somehow he could not make out what was the night of the soul and the cloud of unknowing could possibly mean. What was to do?

He looked up to see Brother Zachary coming down the path, his wrinkled face full of perplexity. He paused by Brother Philemon.

"The lilies look well, Brother," he said.

"They have never been better," Brother Philemon answered. "But I fear I have spent too much time upon them, time which I should have given to learning the ways of prayer."

"This work is for the altar and shrine," Brother Zachary returned. "I have been engrossed in material things all through my years. I know nothing of the ways of prayer and now it is almost too late."

"Brother Maurus has been talking to you too?" Brother Philemon leaned on his hoe.

"Yes. He showed me all my sin. How wonderful he is!"



How blessed is our Order to have such a master of prayer in his youth," Brother Philemon murmured and the two old men were lost in admiration of their young instructor.

"What are we going to do?" Brother Philemon asked at last.

"Let us ask Brother Maurus," Brother Philemon suggested. "Here he comes."

Brother Maurus came across the grass with a swift step. He had meant to devote this morning to high contemplation, here were his duties. He had been talking to Brother Peter in the infirmary and felt engaged. Brother Cyprian had listened to him and had not snapped at him, which was something gained. He had agreed that he was a sinner. Brother Maurus frowned as he caught sight of Brother Philemon's hoe. The old man was making an effort of his garden. And Brother Zachary was gossiping.

It was the first time such a criticism had been made of Brother Zachary, the most sincere of all the brothers. Nothing but the direst necessity had given him power to express himself on this occasion.

"We were just wishing that you would help, Brother," said Brother Philemon. "I don't know what to do."

And yet you were idling over the garden," Brother Maurus reproached him. "This is a precious hour which might have been given to prayer."

"There were weeds," Brother Philemon deprecatingly.

"What do weeds matter when your soul is in question," Brother Maurus demanded. "There is still time and still hope for you if you will tread firmly the way of the saints. What you need to do, is to turn from your idols, you and Brother Zachary, give yourselves wholly to prayer and penance. Go and seek the Abbot and with his permission resume the tasks which have proved your strength and give yourselves wholly to the service of God."

He walked away and the two old men followed after him with admiration still in their gaze.

"It's a kind of hermit life we are to live," Brother Philemon asked doubtfully.

Brother Zachary nodded and walked off to the kitchen. Brother Philemon stood looking at his garden. Sinner that he was, it was hard to give it up. Would anyone love it the way he had done? Slowly he picked up his spade and hoe and emptied his basket of weeds.

"If you want it, Lord, it is yours," he whispered. "Be merciful to an old lay-brother."

Brother Zachary went into the kitchen and looked around. Everything was in its usual spotless order. He lifted down one great pot after another and polished each anew. He looked to the stores and with dim eyes turned towards the Abbot's room.

"What is the matter with the lay-brothers, Martin my son?" asked the Abbot Hilarius the next day. Why have they desired so suddenly to become hermits?"

"The hermit life, my Father?" Prior Martin looked puzzled.

"Brother Philemon feels that he has a long

### Confraternity Retreat

There will be a Quiet Day and Conference for all members of the Confraternity of the Christian Life at the DeKoven Foundation, Racine, Wisconsin, Monday, May 21st. The Quiet Day will begin with Mass at 10 a. m. Because of the limited time, it will not be possible to serve breakfast. Consequently, there will be no communions at the Mass.

Dinner will be provided by the Sisters. The Quiet Day will end with Evening Prayer followed by a brief meeting at 3 p. m. The entire cost per person will be \$1.50—one dollar of which should be sent in advance for a reservation to the Sister-in-Charge, DeKoven Foundation, Racine, Wisconsin. Father Terry, O.H.C., will conduct the Quiet Day.

Although the Quiet Day is primarily for the members of the Confraternity of the Christian Life, all others who wish to attend are most cordially invited.

and wasted life behind him; that he has failed to answer the call of the Lord, that he has given himself wholly to the things of this world. He feels that with my blessing he should give himself wholly to prayer."

"What nonsense!" the Prior returned. "Brother Philemon is a model to us all with his faithful work, his untiring attendance at the Office of the Liturgy in his willingness to do anything for our Lord."

"It is not only Brother Philemon," pursued the Abbot. "It is Brother Zachary too. The old man is utterly downcast and wistful over his sins. He has failed our Lord. He has been absorbed with the world. He pleaded to spend the rest of his life in prayer and penance."

"Another of our saints, and what about the kitchen without him?"

"Brother Peter, too, is bewailing his iniquities and is grieving because his infirmities will not let him make amends by penance and discipline. Thus far, I have heard nothing from Brother Cyprian, though he looked downcast and asked for an early interview with me."

"I cannot see that Brother Peter needs more discipline than he has already with six

years of almost constant pain, borne without complaint. What did you do, my Father, convince them of their foolishness?"

"It was not a time for convincing, son. I have relieved Brother Philemon of the garden. Brother Paul is taking it up rather unwillingly not because he wants to pray but from doubt that he knows how to do the work. Brother Ambrose is wrestling with the kitchen and I am fairly sure that we shall all have an excellent opportunity of fasting and penance in the next few days."

"What has started them?" the prior mused.

"May I speak with you now, my Father? Brother Cyprian stood in the doorway."

"Come in, my son. What is wrong?" asked the Abbot, as Brother Cyprian knelt beside him.

"I am a sinner of sinners, my Father," he said. "I know nothing of the ways of prayer. I have been wholly absorbed in the duties of every day. I have not shared in the experience of the saints—no night of the soul, no cloud of unknowing—"

"How has this realization come to you, my son?"

The old man raised tired eyes. "I have been walking in blindness all these forty years, my Father. Of his mercy, God has sent me a guide at last. Brother Maurus has been talking to me and I see now what our Lord would have me do. Let me lay aside my office of doorkeeper, I pray you, my Father, and permit me to lead the hermitic life."

The Abbot was silent for a few moments. "Do you trust me, my son?" he asked tenderly.

"Surely, my Father."

"Have you not kept the door for our Lord?"

"Why of course. Does not our Rule say that every guest is to be received as our Lord Christ himself?"

"And is it not an honor to open the gates to Him? Do you not pray as you wait there?"

The tired eyes lightened a little. "Alas, my Father. There is so much to pray about. The sad and the sorrowful pass me; the joyous and the happy hearted; those who come to seek our life; those whom the troubles of the world are weighting the





n, who seem to forget that our Lord is  
ching over us in the darkness and the  
yers that seem to threaten everything.  
n I have prayed into the night. But it is  
his I have made an idol. I have not  
ht the higher ways of prayer."

Can there be a higher way than waiting  
our Lord's coming?" asked the Abbot.  
ere is no higher way of prayer than  
e union with Him and you have found  
at your gateway. Not all of us are called  
he night of darkness, to the cloud of  
owing but each of us like the apostles  
ld can live close to the Master in utter  
t and self surrender. That is your call,  
son, be at peace."

The old monk's face had cleared. "I will  
back to the gate," he said happily as he  
ed the Abbot's ring.

So Brother Maurus is at the bottom of  
"Prior Martin cried. "Junior professed  
sual, my Father."

Yes, my son. We have all been junior  
essed in our day." The Abbot smiled  
iniscently. "I will talk to Brother Mau-  
tonight; in the meantime, will you keep  
very busy, Martin, my son?"

"I will," the Prior promised grimly.  
The day was very long to Brother Phile-  
mon. He tried his best to follow the direc-  
s Brother Maurus had bestowed upon  
but prayer and any joy in it had de-  
ed him. His heart was heavy with dis-  
agement, perhaps, after all, it was too  
for him. He tried to turn his eyes  
y from the vegetables which Brother  
I had been tending. The proper ones  
not appeared at dinner but whether  
he fault of Brother Paul or Brother Am-  
se, no one could say. True to the Ab-  
s prophecy, the Community had not  
d well.

Brother Maurus was nowhere to be found  
Brother Philemon felt that he needed  
itual help and advice. He wandered into  
garden and stood looking at it. Brother



Paul had forgotten to water it and weeds  
had sprung up under the lilies. Brother  
Philemon bit his lip and clenched his hands  
together to keep from touching them.

Down the path came Brother Zachary  
with lagging step.

"How do you fare?" asked Brother Phile-  
mon.

"But ill, Brother," was the sad answer.  
Perhaps it will go better later on. But now  
I seem to have lost our Lord. I can't find  
Him. I tried to do what Brother Maurus  
said ———"

"I hoped I would find him here," said  
Brother Philemon. "He has been doing farm  
accounts with the Prior all the afternoon.  
He was very busy."

"He is with the Father Abbot now,"  
Brother Zachary began when Brother Mau-  
rus' voice was suddenly heard on the other  
side of the tall hedge.

"We have neglected the lay-brothers, my  
Father," he was saying. "They have had no  
religious experience whatsoever, no visions,  
no ecstasy, no dark night at all."

"Why should they?" the Abbot answered.  
"Did we walk as close to God as these hum-  
ble old men, we should need to give great  
thanks, my son."

"Are they to be denied the heights?"  
asked Brother Maurus indignantly. "All  
they have is the mundane idea of service—  
of contentment with a garden, a gateway  
and a kitchen.

"My son, my son, beware of presumption  
and spiritual pride," the Abbot checked  
him. "Remember that the Master has room  
for all sorts and conditions of men. In the  
Apostolic band, he had among his chosen,  
Saint Philip as well as Saint John."

The white gate between them was sud-

I look to Thee while  
Thou dost look on me,  
Thou face to face and eye to eye.

—Christina Rossetti

denly unlatched by fumbling fingers, Brother Philemon and Brother Zachary confronted the speakers.

"Did Saint Philip ever find the higher ways? Did he have the night of the soul?" asked Brother Philemon eagerly.

"Did he have a gift for our Lord too?" Brother Zachary stammered.

"His gift was as great as Saint John's," said the Abbot smiling. "He gave all that he had in love and service to the Master. You are finding the new way hard?" he added.

"Very hard, my Father. I am just an ignorant lay-brother," Brother Philemon answered. "I—I have lost our Lord and most times, he has seemed so near." Tears coursed down his wrinkled cheeks.

"What was the prayer that brought him so near to you?" the Abbot asked.

Brother Philemon flushed. "It was the garden, my Father," he said slowly. "Always I worked with Him. He was with me when I ploughed and harrowed; I saw His love in the sky and the trees and the flowers.

He loved gardens too. I—O—well, flowers were all for Him and the blessed saints—the lilies were Our Lady's and violets Saint Bartholomew's—the roses were all His and I prayed as I worked. It was ignorance—it was childish—it was all I knew."

"The childlike heart was what He loved," said the Abbot. "And you, Brother Zachary, how did you pray?"

"Just all day. He was there in the kitchen in every task," Brother Zachary said definitely. "I just gave the work to Him. He was there."

"That was what He wanted," the Abbot spoke emphatically. "We are not all called to the same way, my sons. Saint John had his way, Saint Philip another; but both were dear to the Sacred Heart. Brother Maurine here will be called to his own path but Brother Zachary, the road is in the kitchen for you, Brother Philemon, in the garden. Go on as you have done and seek him there."

Joy lighted the two faces as the old lay brothers withdrew.

"You have let them go back to their childishness, my Father? They are not to seek the highest paths?" Brother Maurine asked in dismay.

"If you and I can copy the deep humility of these two old men, if we can attain the constant intercession of Brother Cyprian and the patience of Brother Peter, my sons, perchance we may win to the heavenly country—even in the lowest place—by the help of the prayers of such as Brother Zachary and Brother Philemon, my son," said the Abbot. "The lay-brothers are to be let alone. Go and find your own path."

Deeply perplexed still, the young monk quiesced and the Abbot made his way back to the Abbey.

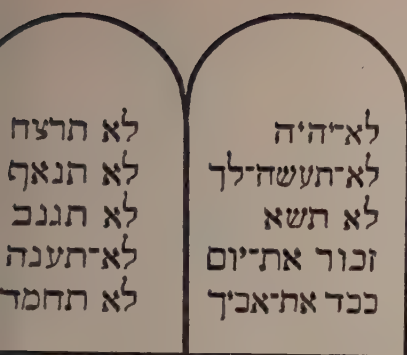
Brother Zachary was speeding to the kitchen; Brother Philemon paused by the garden bed. He stooped to pull the weeds from Our Lady's lilies, then he turned to the rosebush and his eyes lit with joy. The bud had grown and swollen, his fingers closed it gently.

"Thanks be to thee, Lord," he whispered as almost in his hand the bud opened. Cyprian's Lord's own bush had bloomed.



HOLY CROSS MONASTERY  
The Lady Shrine





## The Ten Commandments

BY LOREN N. GAVITT

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day.

THIS commandment is one of the most remarkable things in all the history of mankind. Paganism and heathenism have never had any notion that human life has any dignity in itself, or that a man is worth anything just because he is a man. This degradation of human life was remedied in the way in which pagan and heathen civilization forced the bulk of men to work long hours, day after day, with no rest of break until, after a comparatively few years, they were literally worked to death.

There was an element of human society everywhere until Christianity became the state religion of the Roman Empire in the fourth century of our era. Yet the Jewish people were always an exception to this rule.

The Ten Commandments, given by God at the very dawn of history, set aside one day a week when everyone, including serfs and slaves, withdrew from their ordinary work and gave themselves not only to worship, but to rest and quiet recreation.

This stupendous thing was accomplished by the organization of workers into labor unions to combat exploitation of the poor by the wealthy, but by the simple fact of a heavenly Father who loves His children, provides for their fundamental needs, and wills that they live sane and useful lives.

Religion is sometimes accused of making unrealistic demands upon men that, if these demands were fulfilled, life would become impossible. Actually true religion does not de-

mand that a man keep God in his conscious thoughts at all times, or that he give up work, recreation, etc., and spend all his time in prayer and worship. While duty to God requires regular intercourse with Him in prayer and adoration, still the average man must live in this world, conduct its affairs, support himself and his dependents, feed and clothe himself, get rest and recreation, etc. In doing these things, he must inevitably become preoccupied with the things of this world. And whatever he is doing, the visible world is always calling itself to his attention, exerting a steady pressure on him through his five senses. He has no difficulty in believing that material things are real and his worldly duties are quite clear to him.

God and the things of the spirit, on the other hand, do not make themselves real to man through sight, smell, hearing, taste, or touch. While they are actually more real than physical things, man can be convinced of their reality only through his spiritual faculties. He must in some way get out of his ordinary circle of worldly activities and, with real determination, think about God and come into conscious relation to Him. Thus, at the very dawn of history, God bound man by an eternal decree that one day out of seven belonged to Him. Man could go about the things of this world for most of the week, at the mercy of the world's influences, but one day of that week must be set apart for God and the things of God.

From the beginning this "day of God" was Saturday—the seventh day—and the early Christian community inherited this tradition from Judaism. But, because our Lord had risen from the dead on the first day of the week, Christians from the beginning celebrated Sunday as a weekly feast day on which they offered the "sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving" of the Risen Christ. Before long the observance of the old Jewish Sabbath dropped out of Christianity and the Lord's Day took its place. The Jewish religion had developed a most elaborate set of laws which assured that no slightest sort of work was done on the Sabbath. However, our Lord Himself had not kept all these rules about the Sabbath, and they were

never carried over into the Christian Sunday observance. So, although there was always a feeling that unnecessary labor should not be performed on this day, Christianity, on the authority and teaching of our Lord, considered this element of the old Sabbath to be more or less annulled. However, there was never any possible question about the validity of the old principle behind the fourth Commandment and Christianity always steadfastly proclaimed that the decree: "one day out of every seven belongs to God," was an unalterable part of the moral law under which man was created, and which he ignored at his peril.

Thus, as early as there is any record, Christianity considered it a binding law that every baptised member of the Church must appear before the altar on every Sunday in the year to offer the Holy Sacrifice and that failure to do so was a serious mortal sin. This law was reinforced again and again down the ages by the enactment of canons in every part of the Church. There has never been any sort of notion that a man can fail to participate in the public corporate worship of God on Sunday and still be a good or righteous man. All of this is reiterated by the Book of Common Prayer, which is our spiritual authority. From cover to cover, it takes for granted that Sunday will be observed by every Christian by assisting in the Church's worship. And the principle is explicit in the second "Office of Instruction" (page 291) which declares: "My bounden duty [as a member of the Church] . . . is to worship God every Sunday in his Church." As if this were not enough, our General Convention has enacted a canon which is binding upon all members of the Episcopal Church (Canon 19 of the 1946

code): "All persons within this Church shall celebrate and keep the Lord's Day commonly called Sunday, by regular participation in the public worship of Church. . . ."

Of course, everyone knows the appalling scandal in regard to this fourth Commandment. Everywhere there are to be found called Christians who completely ignore provisions and have become so hardened in their sin that they fail to see anything wrong in their lives because of it. Actually this sin works itself out in a frightful mass of misery, both in individual life and in society in general.

Men find it more and more difficult to believe the truths which God has revealed about Himself because, week after week, they are subject to the influences of the world and material things without giving God the weekly opportunity of making Himself real to them. The problems of worldly life become a frightening burden which man can hardly bear, because they do not allow them on Sunday to see the events of their lives as God sees them. Boredom, touchiness, bickering, quick temper, nervous strain, fearfulness, worry, and an unprecedented number of mental breakdowns—these things are the special marks of the day. All around us these things result in broken homes, crime waves, heart-break, lack of quietude, wars. And it is all because men have become so immersed in the things of this world that they are drowning in bitter waters.

The fact is that man's nature, as it was created by a loving Heavenly Father, was never intended to operate entirely among the material things of the world. Human nature is constructed to function in worship of God. And by this Commandment God sought to assure a proper balance of man's operation. When this element of the moral law is ignored, disaster follows as night follows day—the disaster in which we find ourselves today.

So we have the first four of the Ten Commandments which the Saviour declared to be the "first and great" element of the moral law. Man must forsake false gods which he creates for himself and man





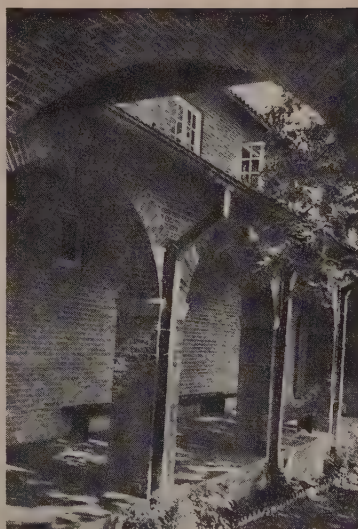
ship the true God. He is a God who  
 ers, to whom man has real debts and  
 rations and who must be approached  
 moving awe, reverence and holy fear.  
 debt to God is symbolized and made  
 icit in the principle expressed by the  
 th Commandment: viz., One day out of  
 ay seven is a day of worship of this  
 ty God. There are elements of the moral  
 under which mankind is created. The  
 which we suffer, both as individuals,  
 members of society, are not mere ac-  
 ts. They are the inevitable disas-  
 which follow man's failure to conform  
 the laws of his being.

### White Harvest

*(Continued from page 111)*

unicant strength has grown from 8,-  
 to 14,000 persons.

ut the diocese has not rested content  
 bringing the Church to people merely  
 ough parishes and missions. Every pos-  
 approach has been made through the  
 tion of institutions. Two conference  
 at Texarkana and Grandbury have  
 obtained. In particular, the dio-  
 n Camp Crucis at Grandbury has be-  
 e a nerve center of the Church with  
 erences and retreats for every age  
 p throughout the whole summer. Foun-  
 ons for social service work and diocesan  
 nion have been formed, and the Episco-  
 Community Center in Dallas has come  
 being. Parish schools have been opened  
 hree parishes with good prospects of  
 e in the future. Student centers at  
 ges and universities have been started.  
 erbury House and its Collegiate Chapel  
 t. Alban has been opened on the very  
 e of the campus of Southern Methodist  
 versity in Dallas. Here the Church can  
 ster to its own students and have a  
 hhead from which to influence the life  
 he great university. One can hardly  
 k highly enough of the interest of this  
 odist University in the Episcopal  
 ch. One can mention the fact that the  
 ological library of the university pur-  
 es almost every new Anglican book. The  
 book shelves and the periodical shelves  
 is library have a more Anglican appear-  
 than some of our own theological semi-



HOLY CROSS MONASTERY  
 The Little Cloister

naries. Plans are being made now to repro-  
 duce this kind of Student Center at every  
 college and university in the diocese.

But even more than making the Church  
 available at established educational centers,  
 the Diocese of Dallas has begun its own  
 educational work. In 1946 the Bishop  
 founded the Cathedral School for Boys in  
 Dallas. It was housed temporarily in build-  
 ings leased from St. Matthew's Cathedral.  
 Here for four years the Church was intro-  
 duced to boys of all religious backgrounds  
 as they received as well a sound college  
 preparatory course. One of the greatest in-  
 spirations to those around the cathedral  
 was the daily chapel service of the school  
 in which boys of Episcopalian, Presbyterian,  
 Methodist, Baptist, Church of Christ, and  
 Christian Science background, joined in the  
 recitation of the psalms and canticles, kneel-  
 ing, standing, and responding with more  
 vigor than many parish congregations. In  
 January 1950 this school effected a merger  
 with the Texas Country Day School, a  
 secular boys' school in Dallas, to form St.  
 Mark's School in Texas. In a successful  
 campaign for a quarter of a million dollars  
 which had the backing of every leader of  
 Dallas business, finance, and industry, this  
 new school now occupies the re-built and

renovated property of the old Texas Country Day School in the lovely Preston Hollow section of Dallas. It has started on its career of becoming a leading boys' Church school, not only of the Southwest but of the entire country. A priest of the Church is chaplain of the school, conducting daily Prayer Book services and teaching courses in religion, Bible, and church history.

The newest venture of the Diocese in the field of education was the acquiring in June 1950 of the title and property of Daniel Baker College in Brownwood, Texas. This college, founded in 1889, had been for sixty years maintained as a Presbyterian, Methodist, and private Christian college. It came to the Diocese without cost and without indebtedness. It is now in the first year of its operation as a church-owned, church-managed, and church-centered co-educational college. With fourteen acres of land and eight buildings on the edge of the finest residential section of Brownwood, a city of twenty-one thousand in the heart of Texas, with a student body of two hundred and a faculty of twenty-six, it begins its unique career as the only Episcopal college in the Southwest. The first year finds seven Episcopalians on the faculty. The daily round of Prayer Book services is maintained in the chapel, and students are required to take a year course in the Bible, as well as attend a weekly chapel service.

In the growing world of Texas, the Diocese of Dallas through parish, mission, social service institutions, university centers, schools, and colleges is seeking to make available the faith and sacraments of the Episcopal Church, fulfilling the command of Our Lord to preach the Gospel to all men everywhere.



## Irritability

One can hardly suppose that any aiming at a really Christian life would fully indulge in irritability. One may fer with those we live with, but failing convince, let well alone and do not persist just strive to be quiet with those who irritate you. Any one professing to be devoted yet giving way to impatience and irritability cannot fail to be a scandal to others. It is a real act of adoration to check, for love of God, some angry impulse or dislike. For many roughnesses would be smoothed of life if we each resolved, even once every day, to check some trifling act or word of un-love, an act of love to God.

Think of our dear Lord on earth—what can we ever find a trace of impatience, irritability, yet how much He had to bear and suffer. 'Wear velvet gloves in far life,' it has been said; in other words, to all who come near with a soft, unirritated hand, seek to avoid vexing any, and strive to promote unity and concord with all. Paul said that while we were not irritated by anyone who has a bodily halt, we are irritated by a halting mind, and accounts for it by saying that the lame man admits his neighbor was well, while the limping mind affirms that it is right and his neighbor halting.

Probably nothing would tend more to press irritability than the thought that by we lose some measure of God's love for our dear Lord was 'meek and lowly heart.' Life is full of vexations and contractions, but they glance lightly off him who treats them as a means of lifting his heart to God. A quaint old writer says: 'The way to learn real submission is to know how to pass by little daily trials. Life is full of bitterness, which give rise to all kinds of envy, bitterness, impatience, disappointments, anxieties which disturb the soul's peace. I say if a man would make a habit of watchfulness, and offer all his petty vexations to God, accepting them as coming from Him, he would make great advance in the spiritual life, and in nearness to his Lord, and would be made stronger to meet the heavier trials and troubles of life.'

—The Voice of Interior Peace



# The Order of St. Helena

sides the usual routine of convent life, Sisters at Helmetta have been birding (they have seen a total of eighty-different kinds of birds since they have in Helmetta), making illuminated cards of goose quills, learning first aid with a of townspeople, practicing for Tene- and hopefully planting spring seeds in sandy soil.

arly in March the Father Superior visited the convent and gave the habit to a new e.

ter Mary Teresa and Sister Virginia with Father McCoy, our chaplain, Mrs. McCoy to Ventnor, Father's Mc-former parish, for a luncheon meeting e Woman's Auxiliary. Sister Virginia a talk on the religious life.

e also had a three-day visit from our tant Superior, Father Kroll. He sand-ed us in between two missions.

the really exciting incident in our er house occurred one bright morning a Sister set the stage by leaving a tin ull of candle-ends on the stove to melt, going off and forgetting it. When she ned the tin can was spouting flames a small volcano. Trying to think of e safety rules at once, she removed the rom the stove to the back yard. And to make things safer yet, she poured e into the can. The result was a minor sion which sent flames uncomfortably one who describes herself as "an inno-bystander." The tin can was split, but her damage resulted.

e Sisters in Versailles were not to be one in the matter of fire-fighting by the er house. At about half-past five one ing, just as we were getting dressed, us members of the community began ly to accuse other members of having d their gas stoves too high. The first r down, however, was met with the of a blazing wall behind the stove in e refectory. She seized the nearest fire ex-isher and went to work. Sister Number arrived on the scene and called the fire tment. Number Three tore back up-

stairs and got her mouth open, right in the great silence—and on the stairs at that, and routed out the remaining Sisters and fire extinguishers. When the fire department arrived a few minutes later, they went tramp-ing into the refectory with shovels, axes, torches, buckets, etc. They found the Sis-ters silently and efficiently finishing up the job. Smoke poured out of the black, smell-ing hole in the wall. Wet soot and ex-tinguisher liquid was everywhere and the flames were out. "You certainly have done a good job; it must be your training. Most women would have been running around screaming." Praise from the fire department is praise indeed. At the usual hour we went thankfully to chapel for Lauds, very grate-ful that we had been spared a really bad fire.

The spring term is well on its way at Margaret Hall School. Between semesters the annual Conference Week was held under the direction of the Reverend Reinhart Gut-mann of Milwaukee. The subject was "The Eucharist and Society," and throughout the week all the students studied a basic course given by Father Gutmann on the Mass and society, and each student studied in addi-tion a special topic connected with the Mass. Conference Week ended on the Feast of the Purification with a High Mass in the gym. The Sisters of the Transfiguration lent us their beautiful vestments—white satin with blue orphreys. Our chaplain, Father Tocher,



was the celebrant with Father Gutmann as deacon and Mr. Robert Gatenbee of the English department as subdeacon. Sister Jeannette's art group had transformed the gymnasium into a chapel. We used a refectory table for an altar raised on three steps and a large Christus Regnans in red and gold, painted by Ruth Wong, one of our eighth graders, hung over it. The windows were decorated with symbols illustrating the sacraments and their relation to our daily life and work.

Later in the morning a demonstration was given of the social implications of the Mass. Each group had its special student speaker, with the lower school providing definitions from the catechism in chorus.

Ash Wednesday was suitably ushered in by a rousing carnival on Shrove Tuesday with "concessions" of every kind. The biggest fake was "The Swimming Match." This event was highly advertised and those who fell for it were ushered down to the swimming pool with much ceremony. There they were shown a safety match floating in the

water. "Ten cents, please!" Let it be ad that the proceeds went for good works various kinds.

One of the good works in question raising enough money to get one of the of the local high school for negroes into hospital for a needed operation. Each the boys and girls of this school visit us give us some kind of program, usually musical, so our students were especially concerned to learn of the illness of one of year's singers.

Father Terry, O.H.C., gave the student retreat. He had about twenty retreatants. After the retreat was over they had praise for him because he was "compensible."

The girls were away for their spring holiday until Palm Sunday, but the whole student body helped the Sisters observe Holy Week by sharing in the watch on Maundy Thursday, helping in the sacristy, and at the services of the last three days until the glorious shining out of the Paschal Candle at the Easter Mass.



MARGARET HALL SCHOOL  
The Eucharistic Conference



# The Library at Mount Calvary

Mount Calvary serves a three-fold purpose. It is our western base from which we put out on the work of special preaching on the Pacific coast. Last year we had engagements from Seattle on the north to San Diego on the south. It is also the only retreat for men in this province. And, thirdly, it is a home for four of us.

With such work in mind, we have tried to build up a good devotional library. We have about two thousand books, most of which are gifts from friends, and we try to keep this number as we can afford it. Our ambition is to have a small library of about three thousand books, every volume of which is important. We have made a good start with spiritual and devotional books. You will not find much philosophy or aesthetics or psychology here. You will find a series of teaching such as Dr. F. J. Hall's series on the dogmas of the Faith. You will find Bible studies. But we need good commentaries. You will find much history. But above all, you will find spiritual reading,—the great classics; the Confessions, the Spiritual Exercises, the Devout Life, the writings of St. Teresa, St. Francis de Sales, and the great masters of the spiritual life. We have all of the good modern writers. We have all of J. G. H. Barry. Our own Father Huntington and Father Hughson are represented, and Father Mackay and C. S. Lewis.

There was no evil in Paradise. Death, sickness of body and soul, come to us as sinners. We are sinners, sick in soul, more or less, whether we know our sickness or not. We are the worse sick because we do not know that we are sick.

—E. B. Pusey

We have made a good start on spiritual biographies, but here we shall welcome additions. Has any one a spare copy of "The latest Saint of France," by Louis Foley? E. K. Saunders has written fine bi-

ographies. We need those. Have you any others. If so, please write us, giving us the names.

There is good religious fiction, such as "The Wild Orchid" and "The Burning Bush," and the books of Thomas Mann. We have almost all of the books of Hugh Walpole who wrote such stirring novels around the theme of the freedom of the human will. We lack the novels of C. S. Lewis.

Our books of sermons are rather old fashioned. They are good but dated. And we are woefully short in books of Moral Theology.

The Library is in memory of Father Leslie Hill, a Priest Associate of the Order.



OUR LORD APPEARING TO HIS MOTHER

By Roger van der Weyden

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)



### Intercessions

*Please join us in praying for:—*

Father Kroll making a visitation to St. Helena's Convent and Margaret Hall School, Versailles, Kentucky, April 7-11.

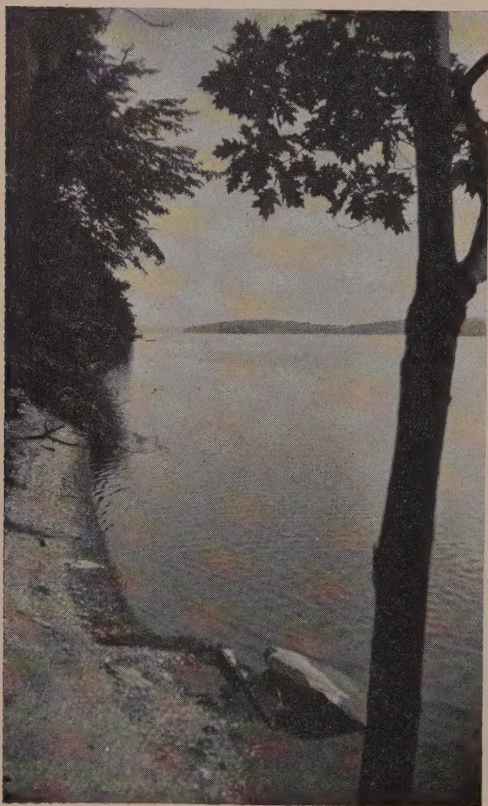
Father Hawkins conducting a mission at St. Paul's Church, White River Junction and St. Barnabas' Church, Norwich, Vermont, April 29-May 6.

Father Parker conducting an adult and young people's mission at Trinity Church, Rock Island, Illinois, April 8-15.

Father Taylor conducting a mission at Christ Church, New Bern, North Carolina, April 22-29.

Father Stevens conducting a retreat for the Canterbury Club of the University of Maryland, April 20-22.

Father Terry assisting Father Hawkins with the mission in Vermont.



THE HUDSON, LOOKING NORTH

### Notes

Father Superior attended the clothing of a novice at St. Helena's Convent, Helmsburg, New Jersey; conducted a quiet evening at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rosemont, Pennsylvania; preached at St. Andrew's Church, Yardley, Pennsylvania; preached at St. George's Church, Schenectady, New York; preached the Three Hours at Christ Church, Tarrytown, New York; conducted a retreat for the Community of St. Mary at Peekskill, New York.

Father Kroll preached at Trinity Church, Waterbury, Connecticut; preached the Three Hours at St. Stephen's Church, Providence, Rhode Island.

Father Packard preached on Thursdays in Lent at St. George's Church, Newburgh, New York.

Father Harrison preached the Three Hours at Christ Church, West Haven, Connecticut.

Father Hawkins conducted a quiet afternoon at Christ Church, Greenville, New York; conducted a quiet day at Grace Church, St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland; conducted a retreat at the Church of the Resurrection, New York City.

Father Harris supplied as chaplain at the House of the Redeemer, New York City.

Father Bessom preached the Three Hours at St. Martin's Church, New York City; conducted a retreat for the Order of the Franciscans at Mount Sinai, Long Island, New York.

Father Gunn preached a mission at the Church of the Advent, Williamston, North Carolina.

Father Taylor conducted a retreat at St. Paul's Church, Carroll Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Father Stevens conducted two retreats at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; preached the Three Hours at St. Mary's Convent, Peekskill, New York.

Father Terry preached at Trinity Church, Waterbury, Connecticut; conducted the Three Hours at Christ Church, Bellport, Long Island, New York.

Father Gill conducted a quiet day at Grace Church, Albany, New York.



# Ordo of Worship and Intercession, April-May 1951

*Monday* W Mass of Easter iii gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for just solution for economic and social problems

*Tuesday* W Mass as on April 16—for the Confraternity of the Love of God

*Wednesday* W Mass as on April 16—for all in the Armed Services

*Thursday* W Mass as on April 16—for Saint Andrew's School

*Friday* W Mass as on April 16—for Christian family life

St Anselm BCD Double W gl cr Alleluia instead of Gradual in festal and votive Masses till Trinity—for the Seminarists Associate

1st Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—thanksgiving for God's providence

St George M Double R gl—for the Church of England

*Tuesday* W Mass of Easter iv gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the Servants of Christ the King

St Mark Ev Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for our native evangelists

*Thursday* W Mass as on April 24—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross

*Friday* W Mass as on April 24—for those in mental darkness

Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration) —For the Order of Saint Helena

2nd (Rogation) Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—for blessings on our crops and harvests

Rogation Monday W Rogation Mass V col 2) St Catherine of Siena—for the starving and dispossessed

3rd St Philip and St. James App Double II Cl R gl col 2) Rogation cr pref of Apostles—for the bishops of the Church

St Athanasius BCD Double W Mass a) gl col 2) Vigil 3) Rogation cr or b) after Rogation Procession Rogation Mass V col 2) St. Athanasius 3) Vigil—for the Liberian Mission

Ascension of our Lord Double I Cl W gl cr pref of Ascension till Whitsunday unless otherwise directed —for all religious

Finding of the Holy Cross (tr) Double II Cl R gl col 2) Ascension 3) St Monica W cr pref of Passiontide—for the Order of the Holy Cross

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr—for the Priests Associate

Sunday after Ascension Semidouble W gl col 2) St John before the Latin Gate 3) Ascension cr—for the Society of Saint John the Evangelist

St Stanislaus BM Double R gl col 2) Ascension cr—for the Church in Poland

Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on May 5—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life

St Gregory Nazianzen BCD Double W gl col 2) Ascension cr—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary

Octave of Ascension Gr Double gl col 2) St Antoninus BC cr—for peace

*Friday* W Mass of Sunday gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the faithful departed

Vigil of Pentecost R gl pref of Whitsunday—for the persecuted

Whitsunday Double I Cl R gl seq cr pref of Whitsunday through the week—for Christian Reunion

Monday in Whitsun Week Double I Cl R gl col 2) Whitsunday seq cr—for religious education

Tuesday in Whitsun Week Double I Cl R gl col 2) Whitsunday seq cr—for Mount Calvary Monastery

Ember Wednesday Semidouble R gl col 2) Whitsunday seq cr—for ordinands

—On the days indicated in italics ordinary votive or requiem Masses may be said

# From the Business Manager . .

## Pleasant Reading . . .

Not a few of the parish clergy send us copies of their parish magazines, bulletins, etc., and we quote from one: "The Holy Cross Magazine is excellent for those who do not have the time for much book reading. I think it is the only entirely devotional magazine published in our Church. I wish that more of you would subscribe." Thank you, Father.

## The Little Chronicle . . .

This is the title of a small monthly folder published by the Order of Saint Francis, Mount Sinai, N. Y., and we always read it with interest. The articles are brief, timely and well written. Only \$1. per year. Write: Order of Saint Francis, Mount Sinai, L. I., N. Y.

## The Living Church . . .

You will surely want to get a copy of a forthcoming issue of *The Living Church*—dated April 29th—as it will be devoted to the Religious Orders. Fr. Gunn, of our Order, is the acting editor of this special edition. There will be articles on the Religious Life, stories of the several Communities, and many pictures.

## Word and Sacrament . . .

The ethos of sectarian protestantism, as the ethos of the Anglican Communion, extends from its doctrine of the Church. A very useful Tract on this subject is Fr. Haig Nargesian's WORD AND SACRAMENT which first appeared as an article in our magazine. We have copies at 7c each. If you order 25 copies we will mail them Postpaid for \$1. Cash with order.

## Missa De Angelis . . .

The Schola Cantorum of Nashotah House seminary has recently made the

only recording of this mass in English. Single record (78 r.p.m.) \$2.50, and should be ordered direct from the Bishop Kemper Missionary Society, Nashotah House, Nashotah, Wisconsin.

## Be Prepared . . .

Day before yesterday we received an order for Tracts from a priest who writes, "As the mail delivery seems to be uncertain these days, I am ordering now for next Lent." In the same mail we received an order for Tracts to be used at a preaching mission next September. Not a bad idea.

## Mail Deliveries . . .

Our March issue was delivered for mailing at the post office on the 23rd of February, but bundle packages for Albany, N. Y., and Chicago were not delivered until March 16th. Ho hum.

## God and Arithmetic . . .

"God gives man what he really needs one wife. Man and wife may not leave each other. God and arithmetic say: One woman for one man." This is a section heading from Fr. Bessom's THE STORY OF GOD'S PEOPLE, and should give you an idea of the sound, clear and wise teaching to be found in this book. Written for Africans, it contains many lessons still unlearned by "modern cultured" peoples.

## Ouch . . .

Asked how she enjoyed her visit to a session of the UN, a teen-ager replied "Well, they certainly talked enough, but didn't seem to do anything. Something like the Church."

Cordially yours,  
FATHER DRAKE